

# Weak Update

## MEDICAL ALERT . . . !

No more suntanning for George Fox students. The ozone layer is too thin to permit safe tanning.

## ANNOUNCEMENT . . .

We are going to stage mock war games. Leading the blue side will be Ralph Beebe, with Arthur Roberts commandeering the red side. Sign-up sheet will be posted in the SUB. Choice of weapons limited to pea shooters and rubber bands.

## CAPTAIN KIRK

The United States has finally turned to Captain Kirk and the Starship Enterprise for help. They are planning to beam the hostages out of Iran next week sometime.

## NEWS FLASH . . .

Volcano watching is dangerous to Oregonians. Everyone knows that Oregonians have a light coat of permanent rust. Well, the sulfuric fallout of the volcanic eruptions re-

acts with the rust, and causes St. Helen Syndrome. It is easy to tell which spectators are Washingtonians or Oregonians by their appearance. Oregonians suffering from this disease have miniature craters. For those of you determined to brave it anyway, we have consulted with an Oregon mountain man who was here the last time it erupted. He said that the only way to prevent the craters is to cover yourself from head to toe with either fish oil or bear grease. You can obtain either of these for just \$1.00 a pint from Ron Hansen.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

Don't miss Kermit the Frog at the April 31 chapel, also featured will be Miss Piggy singing some of Keith Green's latest.

## SORRY PORKERS . . .

Due to over indulgence SAGA will only serve one meal a day.

## CHAPEL CANCELLED DUE TO RON'S OLD JOKES

Chapel was cancelled today due to Ron Crecelius' old jokes. Ron was taken to a mountaintop cabin where he

could get some rest and meditate on new jokes. This decision was made by administration after receiving an uncountable amount of mail from groaning students. One such letter was quoted as saying, "Please, help me . . . I cannot take it much longer . . ." A two week period was agreed upon as a sufficient amount of time for Ron's revitalization. If the old jokes

continue administration may have to take drastic measures. Prayers are requested for Ron during this time of rest. (Lord, please bless Ron with some new jokes.)

## TEXTS RECALLED . . .

Due to the printing error of some obnoxious words in the Career Development text *The Truth About You*, it has been recalled.

*Penn I has pucker-power! Kissy, kissy.*



*"You must be kidding . . . ?"*

# The Half Moon

Volume 91

Number 8

May 1980

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When Karen Grove and Leni Liebler decide to work together on something they don't mess around.

First, it was in the interest of the students. The Board was afraid that the participants would hurt themselves engaging in such dubious activities as submarine races, and Dr. Leshana was positive that any Fox student would rather read a good book or study than make butter. "After all," he said, "Saga has all they need." Second, the college cannot afford to replace and/or repair all the couches being worn down. Third, the Board felt that no student should be practicing first aid without a card. It was felt by all that the only recourse was to remove all couches from the lobbies. "I hate to do it," Dr. Leshana commented, "but it's for their own good." So, there you have it. For next year's dorm-dwellers it's bean bags and cushions. The majority must suffer for the sins of the minority. Alas, I rather enjoyed the contortionist act.

Flash! Hot item! There's a major shake-down coming next year in the dorm-life of all Ed-wards (post office), churning butter, and first-aid (mouth-to-mouth resuscitation). It might be noted here that the committee members could not ascertain for certain who was resuscitating whom. "Looked like a joint effort to me," claimed one member. A wild conformationist act was also observed in Edwards lobby. Two people, all tangled together trying to look like a single person. Looked painful but they were giving it a good try. The committee decided that all of this physical activity was causing an overabundance of body heat, thus resulting in the steamed glass. It was also found that these activities became more prolific during spring term. "I wonder if it's the air?" one member speculated. In addition, it was discovered that as a result of these strange "sofa sophomores" the couches were wearing down at a much faster rate than desired. All these facts were sent to the President and the Board.

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## Lobby couches to be removed



# Calling All Stars

welcome freshmen!



## A NO-NO!

My life of crime started when I was in kindergarten. A boy, W.T., lived across the street from me. He was a year younger than me, but tougher. He would chase me into a corner and beat me with his hobby horse. But he was my friend.

One day, W.T. came over to my house and asked to come outside to play. When we got outside, W.T. gave me a box of Cracker Jacks which he had stolen. Mom had always said stealing was bad, but in the end my stomach won and I ate them. My toy surprise was a ring.

Then we played cowboys. While we were playing, I lost my ring and was heartbroken since W.T. had told me that this was to be our engagement ring.

So, like any normal kid, I went to Mama. "Mom, I lost my ring I got out of the Cracker Jack's that W.T. stole for me."

"Oh, that's too bad, Honey. Did you look all around where you were playing?"

Now I hadn't expected her to get mad, but I at least expected her to remind me that stealing was wrong. Little did I realize that she had misunderstood me.

So in a state of confusion because my set of rights and wrongs had been turned around, I went to W.T. I told him that Mom didn't care if we stole from the store. So we went with parental permission.

It really wasn't that hard; we just shoved the toys under our shirts. Once, while we were in "the process," a clerk came around the corner and down our aisle. We hid. Either the clerk was blind or we should have turned professional, because he walked right past us.

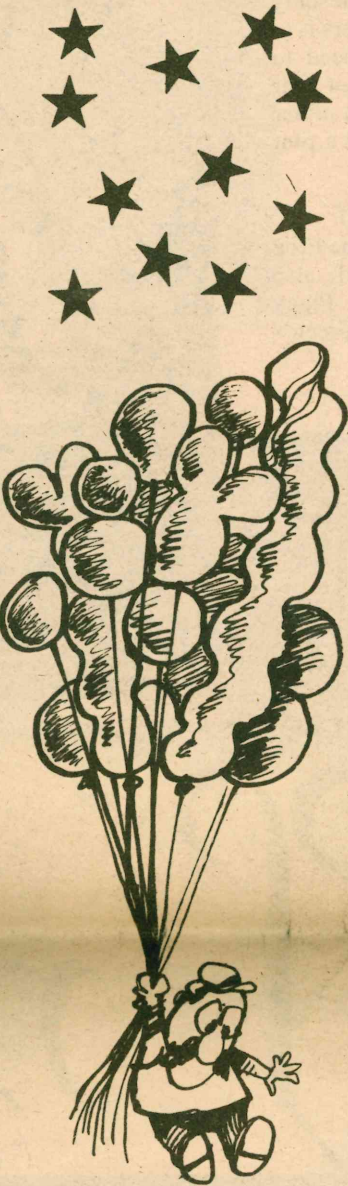
As we left the store, a car pulled up. A man in the car stepped out. He identified himself as the store owner and asked us if we had paid for all of our toys. Using my imagination and mouth, the first of many times that I would use best assets, I said I had gotten money for my birthday. That seemed to satisfy him, and he went on his way.

Two blocks was too far for us to go without opening at least some of our treasures. We dawdled to my house to show mom.

We walked into the house, arms full of toys, some opened and some not. "Mom, look what we stole!"

# Look ma.

— A Concerned citizen. must not be! fate on this ball of dust. This power of God and seal our own reach out. We must. To do seats of misled power. We can the future of man. These men present and have no care for gain what they can from the age, men who wish only to sighted materialists of this yet. They serve only the short-state that we cannot reach out commercial scientists who disheartened, or worse yet, the short-term consequences. Another danger is that of the future, no matter what the selves and resources into the strong and plunge our entire race must die. No, we must be afterward the entire human ful to die knowing that soon able, it would be far more pit-pertish anyway. Though the brother, who must eventually sources of man on his weaker rather than wasting the reach of man outward, right ways; used to promote be controlled and used in the good in themselves, they must While these developments are disease control, and the like. for increased food production, lost). This demand has been goal and so must finally be cannot understand man's true cated know that the masses lar demand (though the edu-ress toward the stars by popu-been diverted from its prog-



Life is greater than any system of morality; her claims are absolute. It is not by tribal taboos and copy-book maxims that she has pursued her relentless march from the amoeba to man and from man to civilization. She has ruthlessly broken down all obstacles and liquidated all failures and today in her highest form — civilized man — and in me as his representative, she presses forward to that interplanetary leap which will, perhaps, place her for ever beyond the reach of death.

— Edward R. Weston

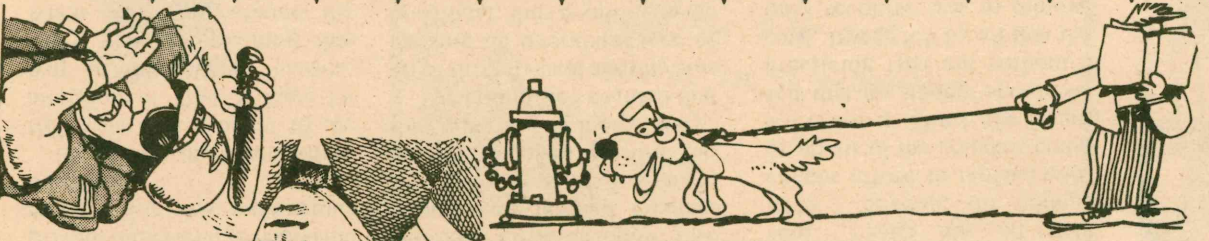
Then God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth."

— Genesis 1:26

Not long ago I heard a man say that man might be better off exterminating himself quickly with a nuclear war rather than wait around for the energy to run out and so slowly starve man to death. What a pitiful life we have come to when we raise such negativists; a nation full of short-sighted, timid rabbits rather than the adventurous, courageous men who built this country.

I believe the future is staring us in the face, every time we walk outside at night. The stars! What man is not inexorably drawn to wonder, to explore the depths of space? This is the call of the Creator, the call of survival, the challenge of today. Rather than giving up and slowly withering, man must unite and rise from his natal star to seek his fortune among the planets of the gods. To deny this call is to deny the command of the creator to take dominion over all the earth (and by natural extension, all the universe).

The weak-minded will say that we can not even solve our own problems of poverty, crime, and disease which ravage our planet daily, so why should we reach to to other planets. This argument denies the clear evidence of our Creator's will as evidences in the process of natural selection. Too long we have held ourselves back by attempting to heal every cripple, solve every minor crisis while we ignore the greater danger, extinction of the species! We have corrupted the pure logic of God's plan by the useless pseudo-sciences of psychology, sociology and social service. Natural science has



DID YOU HEAR A WORD?

She understood that time. BOY did she understand! She called Dad, W.T.'s parents, the store owner, and the police. We gathered at our burning barrel where the policeman, who looked to be a giant, tossed the opened toys into the fire and gave the unopened toys to the store owner. Mom and Dad split the cost of the opened toys with W.T.'s parents. I was sentenced to bed without dinner, isolation from W.T. for what seemed a month, and a spanking I would not soon forget. So ended my criminal life. Terrible isn't it! Dalla Alexander







# Attention Crescent staff: This one's for you.

by Laura Schmeling

If you suspect that nothing in this paper is worth reading, it's because most isn't. If you like nonsense you may like this article, but it has a serious side, too. I only exaggerate a little.

My problem is that life as a co-editor for the features pages can sometimes be a fag . . . er, a *drag*. But it's also a fag. Look it up if you don't believe me. Also look up predicament, dilemma, chaos, and panic if you're not sure what they mean, because they're all a part of certain Sundays.

On the Sunday before all *Crescent* copy is due at 9:00 a.m. the following morning, I meet with Rachel (who is a better co-editor than me) for our traditional despair session. This time our "staff meeting" went something like this:

I glance up from a lump of "SAGA special" on my plate and see Rachel headed for my table with that pitiful expression I've learned to recognize through my own use of it. My attempt to escape fails, and I sink hopelessly back into me seat.

"Laura, I don't have anything for our pages." (This was our daily conversation topic throughout the previous week.)

"Guess what. I can relate."

"What're we gonna do?"

"I don't know. I don't have time to write anything."

"I know. I don't either. But we've got lots of PICTURES!"

"Great! We'll feature photography! Only problem is, I

think that's been done before."

"Well, do you have any ideas?"

"Can we get all the ads?"

"Nope. Somebody else already got them. What else?"

"Hmmm . . . it's the 'lunatic.' Maybe we could feature 'blank pages.'"



A ten kg. object (A) travelling northward at 2m/sec. collides with 10kg. object (B) travelling south-eastward at 3m/sec.

"It'd be cheap, anyway!"

"And not take any time!"

I feigned enthusiasm.

"It won't work, Laura."

"I know. Just a passing thought. All good thoughts pass me by lately. They're allergic to procrastination, specifically mine."

"Somebody's writing an article for the *next* issue."

"Good. We'll need it then."

But for now . . . I know! We could type some absolutely ridiculous paragraph using a pica typewriter and just reproduce it that way. That'll take

up at least *one* page, and it'll give us longer to work on it!"

"Ha! Sure! What about?" (Sarcastically.)

"I thought up the idea. You think of a subject."

"What about Dr. Roberts drilling his troops for combat?"

"Huh?"

Rachel patiently explains the pacifist point of view to me.

"Oh. But it sounds more appropriate for a P.E. class. I always think they're torture."

"Maybe. I'll see if I can come up with anything."

"Me too. In fact, I'll go try now."

I lied. I waited until 11:00 p.m. to try to write something. And that's why I was up at 4:00 a.m. typing a paper, but this time not for a class. Those seem invariably a day late.

The ironic thing about all this is I never seem to learn, whether the situation is academic or extra-curricular. After all my worrying about blank pages and deadlines and late nights burning out the lights in the hallway outside my room, I realize once again that I haven't tried the most helpful and important tool — prayer.

Prayer is guaranteed. I just wish I could remember that. "Don't worry about anything instead, pray about everything . . ." (Philippians 4:6, Living Bible)

George Fox College has the distinction of being one of the Northwest's fastest growing colleges —

GUTTER

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As of Monday, chapel requirements are no longer in effect. If a voluntary chapel does not work the draft will be reinstated.

The Sigma Zeta Science Club is having a meeting to discuss their recent discovery of how to create life. Members are asked to bring amino acids and their Osterizer blenders.

The Home Ec Club is now renting Osterizer blenders at \$75.00 per hour.

Several superior saintly seniors saw saturn safely swallowing salami Saturday. Salty sassafras singers salvaged sappy sycamores . . . Scattered scalded scalps scathed schizoid sacrlet scarecrows.

SAGA lunch hours have been changed to 1:00-1:05 p.m. for the rest of the term.

What you have expected had finally hapened! Laurel McBee and Gordon Martin have announced their engagement.

The Crescent salutes Newberg, Oregon, excitement and night life capital of the world. SALUTE!

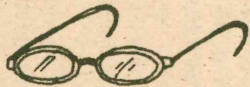
Edwards Hall gutted last night. Cat e: Curling iron campfire. The charred remains will be remodeled into a new library.

Surprise! Joe Gilmore woke up this morning with hair, Leah Pope now has a bass voice, and Sandy Tuning gained 40 pounds.

The freshman class just obtained the signature of Ron Crecelius on an affidavit stating he will tell no more jokes for the remainder of their college career.

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MEDICAL ALERT . . . !

## Donations

for George Fox

That was the case with 20 George Fox College women, his prize. He has just purchased reading material, snacks and Powderpuff football, won by George Fox last year from Jud-Brush Prairie, Wash. She's "riding" a dental chair in the book of Luke, and read the night and most of the day in the Marriage and Family class: If the rest of the term.

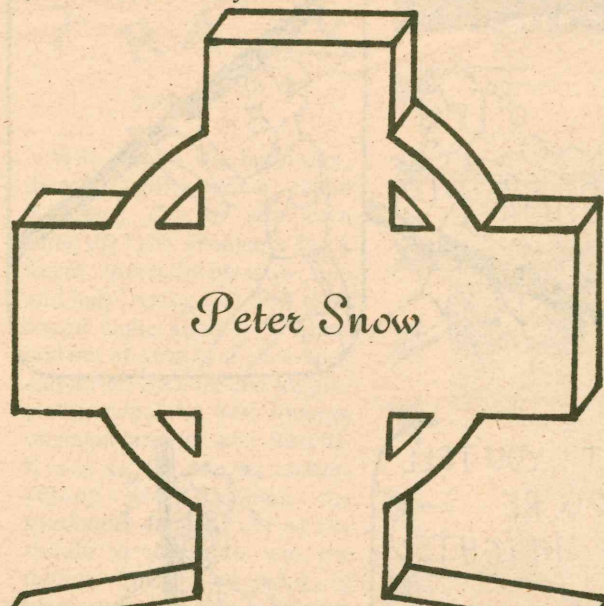


Paula, didn't your mom ever tell you that if you stick your tongue out, you go cross-eyed?



by Rachel Hampton

Artwork by Mike LaBounty



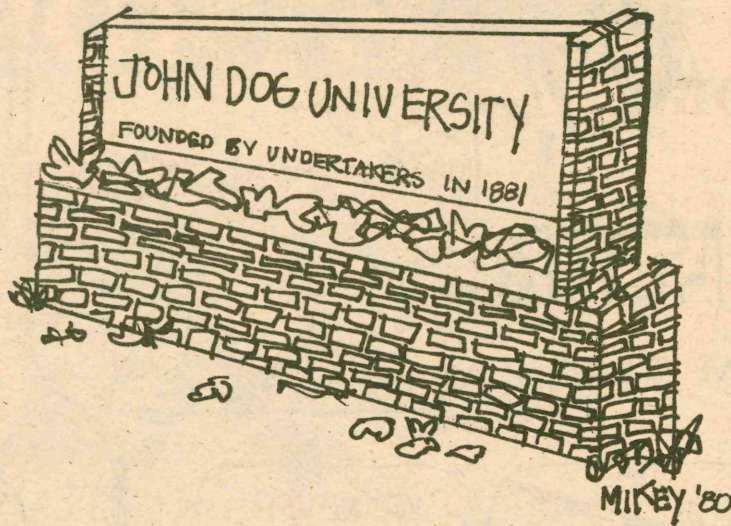
Over and over they tried to tell me  
 "Pete, you can't paint a mural  
 on Bonneville Dam."  
 But I was determined to make my mark  
 on the world.  
 One sunny spring day,  
 I lowered myself over the edge —  
 The water level was quite low from lack of rain.  
 How was I to know that a wall of water  
 From a freak flash flood  
 Would smash over the top,  
 Ruining my mural  
 And ending my life?

### Lucy Powell Stevens

This stone in memorium to Lucy Powell Stephens.  
 Beloved daughter, sister, wife, and mother.  
 Her life was an example to all,  
 But her sense of direction left a little  
 To be desired.  
 After flying to Fairbanks one evening,  
 She hired a dogsled in order to visit some friends.  
 In her hurry, she took a wrong turn.  
 Now she lies buried under an avalanche of snow  
 Somewhere in northern Siberia.

### Tamara Citham

After graduating from college  
 With honors in music,  
 My cohort and I formed a singing team  
 And toured the nation.  
 We received acclaim wherever we went.  
 But the demands of society were too great.  
 Disillusioned, I quit and became a secretary  
 in Missoula, Montana.  
 But the love of singing and music  
 Continued to dwell inside me.  
 The silence of my sparsely furnished two room apartment  
 Tortured me every evening  
 And filled me with dread.  
 One day I received a call from my old partner.  
 She was passing through town,  
 Could I come and see her?  
 The sadness and despair of the past fifteen years  
 Melted away  
 And I eagerly agreed.  
 With a song on my lips,  
 I walked quickly across the main street  
 To where her motel room was.  
 A large semi lost its brakes  
 And two seconds later, I, my bodily functions.  
 But I left this world with a peace  
 I had not known in all my life.



### Kelton (Tad) Cobb

I was born a rebel  
 Always with a cause.  
 I gathered around me others  
 Who shared my thoughts and ideals.  
 We would overthrow the world  
 Not with guns, tanks, the neutron bomb  
 But with words.  
 The pen was my weapon  
 And I wielded it skillfully.  
 Upon graduation from college,  
 I joined the staff of a major Christian periodical  
 And became known world-wide  
 For my thoughts and ideals:  
 How the earth could be made a better place for all.  
 But the new world dictatorship  
 Which arose from the ruins of World War III  
 Disliked my dreams and banned my works.  
 I struggled on, undercover, seeking  
 To inform others of the truth.  
 But though I always had solutions  
 To offer the public,  
 I had no solution for my own predicament.  
 After accepting the higher calling,  
 My body was broken by the world's system.  
 Now I lie quietly under this stone.  
 I've achieved my peace  
 And can only wait for the world  
 To achieve its own.

### BJ's PHOTO STUDIO

Creative Photography by Bryan Joyce



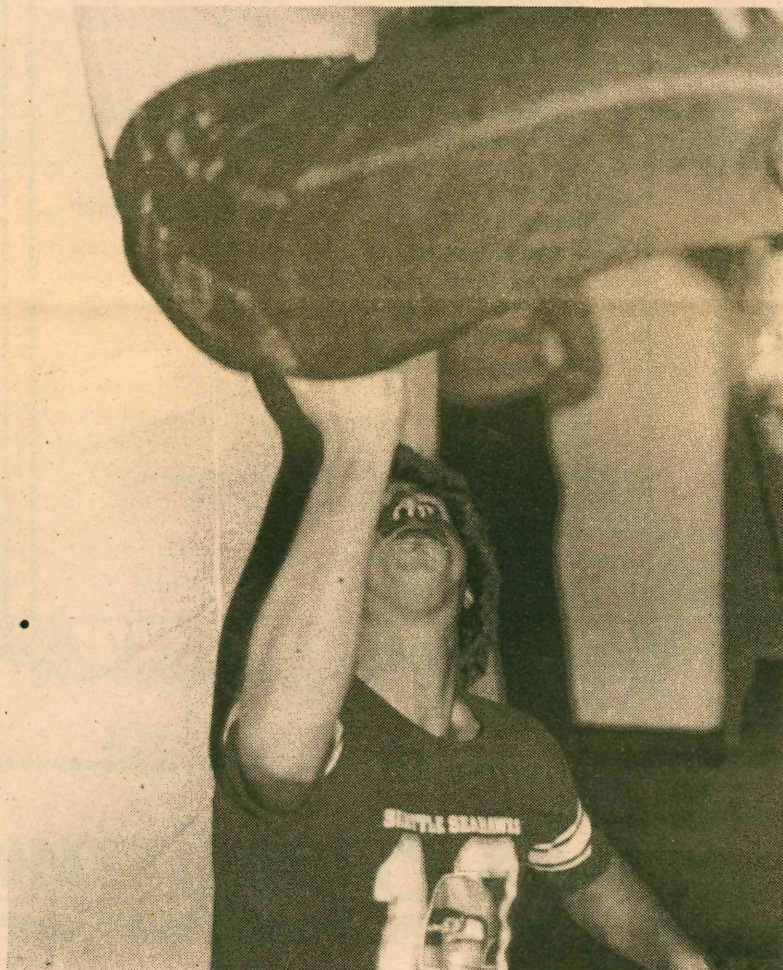
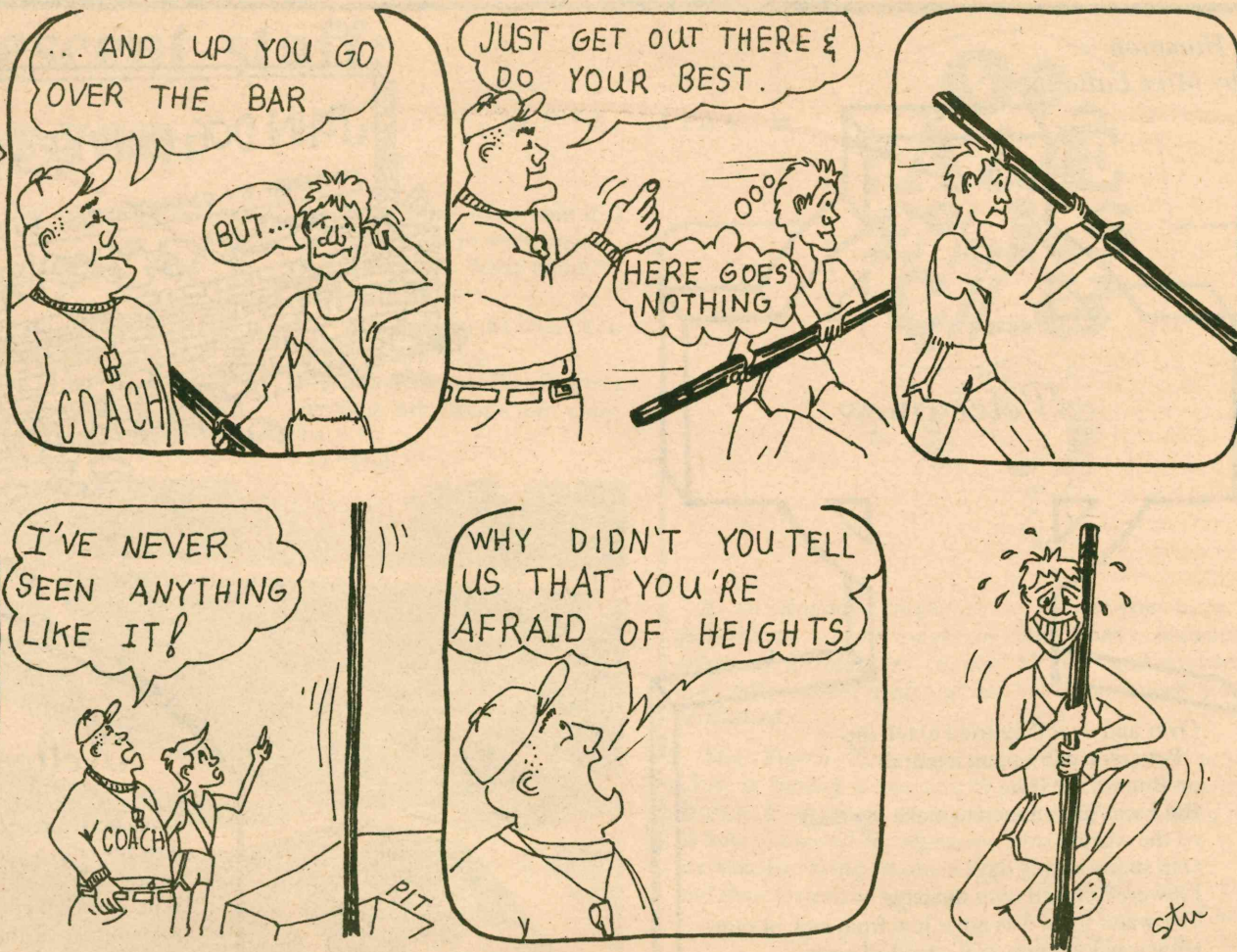
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## SPORTS

## TRACK

women :

Way out in the boon-dox, there's a little town called Newberg. Out of this town came the GFC Women's Track Team, covered with snow, rain and hail. And guess how their coach came about? He climbed out of a big bear claw-suit, called the BRUIN and joggin' along came the best looking manager around (the Beach). It was such a roaring clatter, yelling and stomping the spectators jumped out of the stands to see what was the matter. There they stood, in blue and gold, the Olympic Ladies of the 1980's.

Yep, they just returned from another victorious trip, with performances almost out-of-state. Our own Sharon Denise, er . . . umm . . . Denise Shavon, I mean Shavon Dennis ran away with the 400 and 200 meters. Jacquie Davis takes the 100 meter dash with no sweat and leads the other teammates in the 400 meter relay. Out in the field there are Rachel, Jody, Tina and Lynette that are always throwing, tossing and putting everything away. Then in the Pits there are Shawna (long jump), Karen, Jacquie (high and long), and Sandra (high).

Back out on the track you get the long and the short of it. For the long is Eileen running away with the distances and for the short there are "Little Wheels" (Cathy Bowersox), "House" (LaDonna), and "VeeWee" (Vonda Winkle). Three of the "Jumping" ladies are also out on the track hurdling over all of those hurdles.

Now, while all of this is going on the calm and cool coach is having a nervous breakdown. No worry although, it's down to the mile relay . . . the gun goes off, out goes Sandra, burning up the track, then Jacquie by her will to win, than Shavon . . . just goes, lead is now for the Bruins, she hands off to Karen who takes it to "the MAX". The Bruin ladies win again.



THIS IS A 10

## Softball

Once upon a time in the Nineteen hundred and Eightieth year of celebrating our Lord's resurrection there came into being the most amazing softball team ever to represent George Fox College.

Pitching for this team was a unique young woman by the name of Sue Messenger. A left handed "chucker" with a sling-shot delivery. Sue found her claim to fame by asking one question, "Why?" It seems the umpire had called an obviously perfect pitch a ball, and Sue, being a curious young lady, had to inquire the reason for the call.

This team has an amazing record of 9-1 thus far this season, (or is that 1-9.). One of those.

We're currently making reservations in New York for the week of the national tournament. We plan to make a dramatic comeback to beat U of O and OSU out for the national positions. We plan to take them by surprise after a semisuccessful season. You'll be able to watch us on T.V. May 21 in the national finals in New York.



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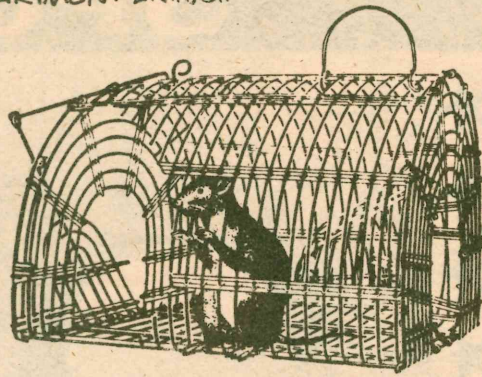
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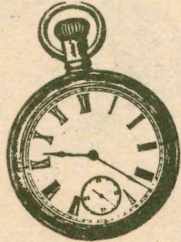


Steven and Rod: or is that Stacy and Rodina?

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